

# THE DIAL

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# THE DIAL

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## JUSTICE TO AUTHORS.

The right of property, or of ownership in all sorts of things, such as lands, houses and personal effects, seems to have always, among all peoples, been a right established by common sense and common custom. It seems unnecessary to try to strengthen this right by niceties of reasoning; and it does not seem as if any such niceties of reasoning could overthrow it. It must be taken as one of the ultimate facts or axioms on which society is built; and we so take it. But, when we find that there are fine reasoners, dealers in metaphysical subtleties, who are willing to admit that men may rightfully own lands, houses, and other property which they may have earned by labor or bartering, or have inherited, or received as gifts, and who yet at the same time deny that an author has any real right to the ownership of the works which he has created, one begins to wonder whether common sense and metaphysical reasoning have anything in common; whether we can, at the same time, serve these two masters, or whether we must not necessarily hold to the one and despise the other. Authorship comes nearer to the act of creation than any other act of which man is

capable. When a man writes a book or an article, he originates what no other person could have originated. That exact book, or poem, or article, would never have had an existence had he not given it being. Whatever value it has belongs to him absolutely, for he made it.

To say that he may rightfully own houses or lands, which he did not make, but which he may have simply inherited, or which some one may have given him, but may not own or control the book which he has made, would seem to simple and unmetaphysical minds to oppose common sense.

And so, when we go back to the old common law, which means, I take it, the old common sense of England, we find by the best authorities the author's ownership in what he created absolute, unquestioned, and unlimited by time. It was not until, in the reign of Queen Anne, individual reasoners, with the best intentions, but with limited vision, began to tinker in parliament with the law of common consent and of common sense that the right of the author to absolute and unlimited ownership in his own work came to be impaired.

To-day, as we all know, in England and in America, and in other countries, an author, his heirs and assigns, are allowed (*mirabile dictu*) by statute to own and control his literary property in his own country for a limited number of years. It will be strange if some day common sense does not reestablish the common law, and give to him his ownership in his book, just as in his house, absolute, and unlimited by years. However, that is a question for the future, and not, perhaps, of the greatest practical importance.

The question now is, How can we yield to common sense and common right, and grant to the American author the right to own, control, and profit by his own works in America, and to the English author the right to own, control, and profit by his works in England, and yet deny to the English author his right to own, control and profit by his works in America, and to the American author his right to own, control and profit by his works in England?

If we grant the right of property at all to the author—and we must, for common sense grants it,—can we, under any possible plea of right, take it away from him when his work is carried, perhaps against his will, across the frontiers of his country?

To reason about the matter as a question of right and wrong seems to be to throw away words. We could not think of so treating

any other property owner. To take away an Englishman's gold on its arrival in New York, or to submit for one moment to an American citizen being robbed of his personal effects on their arrival in London, are things which could not be thought of. But to plain common sense, is there, really, any difference between this and the confiscating of the foreigner's book? Some one will tell us that by publishing his book he has given it to the world, and surrendered all his own title to it. He has, really, sold copies of it to be read and enjoyed by the purchasers, but not to be reprinted without the author's consent. The man who sells a patented machine sells the use of that machine, not the right to make similar machines, and it is precisely so with the author. It is true that, from the ease with which copies of a book may be multiplied, it is more difficult to protect it than to protect real or personal property. Or, rather, it is true that the same laws will not protect both. But it can be protected. It is not quite so easy to protect the right of property in a patented machine; but it is protected; and just so the right to print and publish a book can be protected. It is protected already in the author's own country, and it can be protected as easily in another country. If it is right to protect by one set of laws one kind of property, it is right to protect by another set of laws the other kind of property.

Granted the abstract right of an author to property in his writings, and that right cannot justly be limited by the boundaries of his own country, but must follow him the civilized world over. The Englishman's book is as much his own in America as his trunk, and the American's book is as much his own in England as his coat or his hat. That this should ever have been denied will some day seem as strange as that the right of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" should ever have been questioned. That under this denial thousands, yes, millions, of dollars' worth of property should, through a long series of years of supposed enlightenment and civilization, have been confiscated, as if contraband, from British and American men and women of letters, will one day be regarded as a late instance of the old and ill reign of might over right. And yet, we, a people professing to believe that government is best founded upon a sense of right and justice in the whole people, are among the last of civilized nations to sustain this form of the reign of might and wrong. Perhaps we do not clearly understand, as between ourselves and England, how we, and we alone, are responsible for the whole great wrong.

We know that the books of English authors are to-day, as a matter of course, let us say, *appropriated* in this country, and enjoyed by

millions of readers, without, as a rule, any recognition of the authors' right in them—without one cent of reward to those who by labor and toil created them. We hear their murmurs often expressed with Saxon plainness of speech. From Macaulay to William Clarke Russell their words are bitter. We read in a pamphlet issued by Mr. Ruskin in January last, of "the whole continent of America which pirates all my books, and disgraces me by base copies of the plates in them." And latest of all Mr. Bunthorne Gilbert has pettishly but pointedly refused the ten pounds which were sent him by the Messrs. Harpers, and has informed us that "notwithstanding the fact that I have been pillaged right and left by such of your" (our) "countrymen as are engaged in publishing or theatrical ventures, I am not yet reduced to a state of absolute penury." We know too in what round terms we are denounced as a nation of pirates by that gentle journal "The Times" of London.

But have we not known as well that our authors are no better treated in England? Has not Mrs. Stowe been pointed out as a woman from whom Englishmen had wrongfully withheld a quarter of a million of dollars rightfully her due for innumerable copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" sold in England and her colonies? Do we not know that Mr. Longfellow, who never complained, could count twenty-eight different editions of his works issued in England, from only three of which he had received any pecuniary reward? Do we not know that most of our authors have the same sad story to tell, and perhaps even sadder ones? General Lew Wallace's popular novel was not only reprinted in London without pecuniary recognition to him, but copies of it were then sold to him with such rechristening and alterations and emendations that its author could scarcely recognize the book to which his name was prefixed.

We all know this; and we have thought, perhaps, that we could justly fling back the Englishman's fierce words, and could say If our hands are foul, yours are not clean; if there is piracy going on you are doing your full share of it, and are as guilty as we.

It is hard for an American to be compelled to say that this conclusion is not true. No matter what stealing is going on on either side of the ocean, we alone are responsible. We are to blame for the robbery of our own authors in England as much as for the spoliation of English authors in America. England has done all in her power to stop it, and only asks our coöperation. The law of Great Britain to-day grants the privileges of copy-right, that is, of ownership, in Great Britain to the authors of all countries whose laws grant the same privileges in their own territories to the authors of Great Britain. Should we to-day

pass an act giving copyright in the United States on similar conditions to the citizens of other countries, an order in council would immediately be issued by the Queen giving to all American authors the same rights in Great Britain that her own authors now enjoy. The English law now recognizes the right of the author to ownership in his works the world over. It only remains for our law to reach the same high level, and the whole shameful wrong, so far as this country and Great Britain are concerned, will end at once. She has done all she can; and now she only waits for us to be as just as she, and pass a similar law, and, by that act, we will secure the rights of the authors of both nations. *Can it be that this is known?* Does it need more than a plain statement of this situation to the American people, and a plain understanding of it by them, in order that our law shall establish justice for our own and foreign authors, as it establishes justice for all other owners of property?

The Hawley international copyright law, now pending in Congress, if passed, will do this. Can there be any reasons why it should not be passed? There is much opposition; and some reasons are given, but they may practically be summed up in this one objection: *It would not be expedient.* We must have cheap books no matter how we get them. The information, the enlightenment, and the culture which come from books are too great a boon to stop at a little matter of honesty in their acquisition. We would not steal bread and beef for the starving, nor clothes for the naked, nor medicines for the sick, nor coffins for the dead; but we must feed our hungry minds and our aspiring souls on cheap novels, cheap and elevating poetry, cheap and heavenly sermons, even though they be stolen. What rubbish to put honesty against enlightenment!

The *right* is always *expedient*, although it may not always seem so. The dishonest man and the dishonest nation always sacrifice more than they gain, although the loss can not always be so easily shown, as we believe it can be in this case. Under the present system we undoubtedly enjoy the use of new English books at a lower price than we should if an international copyright existed. The English books already written and published in this country, that is, the great body of the English literature of to-day, and of the times of Chaucer and Shakespeare, and Pope and Addison, and Wordsworth and Macaulay,—would still be free to us to reprint as cheaply as we will. The new books only would be affected. New poems which Tennyson may write, new novels by Black or Blackmore, new histories by Lecky and McCarthy, and even new comic verses by the irate Mr. Gilbert, will cost us

more than they now do; but that they will ever be dear—that they will ever bear any relation to the prices at which some books are now published and sold in England,—no one who knows the difference of the market for books in America and England can for one moment think. In England the buyers of the best new books to-day are the nobility, the wealthy commoners, and the great public libraries. The number of buyers is few, but their purses are deep. In this country the book buyers are the reading millions scattered over all our States. The buyers are many but their purses light. All books, therefore, whether English or American, intended to reach a profitable sale in this country, must be published at a moderate price. In France books generally are covered by copyright, national or international, but nowhere do we find well-printed books sold so cheaply. The conditions which make and keep books cheap in France are very different from those which prevail in England, but they are similar to those which prevail here, and they will make and keep books cheap here. Though under an international copyright new English books will be somewhat dearer than they now are, there is no danger that they will be really dear. Some oddity of genius, like Mr. Ruskin, may, of course, insist that his books shall be made only in a certain expensive style; but not so the mass of authors, for they want their books to sell. The slight increase in price we can well afford to pay. The satisfaction of reading what Mr. Lowell happily calls a book "honestly come by" will certainly repay us for the extra cost.

And, after all, what do we want books for if not to give us that education and enlightenment which truly elevates, and which quickens the conscience as well as the intellect? As a nation, can we really be getting good out of books which we are content to steal? Can we afford to imitate the old lady who stole a Bible in order that she might read and profit by the good book? Can it be a good economy which grudges a just recompense to the man or woman who spends laborious days and nights to benefit us, or to give us pleasure? Stolen corporeal goods we long ago conceded can do no one any good. Can we believe then that we get any real good out of stolen intellectual goods?

Here, as everywhere, we find at work the great laws of retribution and compensation. While we are feasting on the ill-gotten spoils of British and other foreign authors, we are destroying among us that without which no people is great, no nation strong and individual—a national literature. It is no new truth that the producer cannot thrive who must sell his wares in a market stocked with cheap because stolen goods; and that is exactly the position of him who would to-day strive to be an American author. It was not so when



Bryant, and Hawthorne, and Prescott, and Bancroft, and Emerson and Longfellow, and Whittier and Holmes, and Lowell made their early essays; nor was it so to anything like the same extent when a later school of authors represented by Howells, and James, and Aldrich, and Wallace first gained audience. Then, by what was called the "courtesy of the trade," which meant the honor and justice of right-minded publishers, the English author was, as a rule, paid voluntarily that price for his works which our law did not allow him as his due. This could only be done so long as publishers generally recognized such voluntary arrangements between one of themselves and an English author, and abstained from stealing from one another the books so protected. Under such voluntary arrangements, Dickens and Thackeray, and, in their earlier days, Bulwer and Tennyson, received liberal compensation from America for many of their works. But men are not all honest when it pays to steal, and a race of publishers sprung up which knew not the "courtesy of the trade." They stole the books which their brothers paid for, and the *honorarium* to the English author was practically at an end. We have, perhaps, hailed these new publishers with delight, for they spread cheap books broadcast over the land. If cheap books, however come by, are a blessing, then these men are public benefactors; if books dishonestly come by can never in any way be a blessing, then let them go down to history with the name of pirate branded upon them in hue as black as that which marked the "long rakish hull" in which a certain gentleman named Kidd once sailed into unenvied fame. They made books cheap, and about them, as about him, there may gather something to please and captivate an unthinking, popular fancy.

But time will show that, with a little good they bring untold evil. So far as new authors are concerned, we may almost ask in our midst to-day the old question: "Who reads an American book?" In fiction we pore over pictures of English society, we learn English ways and English slang, we think English thoughts, and live wearily over again the despairing lives of a society that has passed its prime. We discuss their troubles and disappointments, not our own hopes and possibilities. We waste time on problems which do not concern us, and have no discussion of those which open vitally on every side of us.

In history we follow the guidance of English historians. We revel in the small details of the Saxon kings, and we experience a more thrilling interest in an episode in the "Wars of the Roses," or in a skirmish between Round Heads and Cavaliers, than we have ever felt in the most gallant battle of our revolution, where, perhaps, our own rude forefathers, half

armed, but strong sinewed in the sense of right, worsted the united soldiery of these two doughty factions.

We are too well provided with that literature which concerns us not. It is in every library, in every home, in every shop, and in every railway car. The child reads it, the idler reads it, the thinker reads it. It is interesting; it has passed the ordeal of the critics; it is good literature; and it is cheap. What care we for the book of the untried American author? And so the American author dies; or rather, he is not born. The best authorship, like other good things, is of slow growth. It is the result of many efforts and many failures, of years of study and waiting. A few geniuses spring full armed into the field, but in the history of literature they are the exceptions. The first book is not, perhaps, brilliant, but it is good, and the author is encouraged to go on, and the result is a Bryant or a Longfellow, a Hawthorne or an Emerson.

But in the America of to-day this tentative process has no encouragement. The cold wind of summary rejection sweeps down on the tender flowers hidden in the modest first manuscript, and they are withered, never to bloom again and bear fruit. It is the custom to-day of many, perhaps of most, of the American publishers to refuse even to read an original manuscript from an unknown American author. Of course, the publisher is governed by hard-headed business rules. His reasoning is this: To find one good manuscript he must read and reject many, a waste of time or money (for competent readers are expensive), and, if he find a good one, it is more likely, if published, to bring loss than gain; and for these reasons. He must publish it at such a price as will give him back his expenditure in type-setting and electrotype plates on a moderate sale, for the book being by an untried author, even though an excellent book, he cannot surely count upon a large sale, while the man who reprints without pay the book of an English author of established reputation, can fix upon it a low price upon the certainty of a large and continuous sale. And while the reputation of the English book and author is already made and needs no considerable outlay in advertising, the publisher of a new American book cannot be certain that even a very large expenditure in advertising it will result in anything but increased loss.

And, besides all this, he must, of course, if the author is to derive any benefit from it, pay to the American author a royalty on each copy sold, while nothing is paid for the English book. In other words, of the American book he cannot risk a large edition, while the sale of very large editions of the English work is certain; he must incur an

extra large expense in advertising the one, while the other is already made famous, and he must pay the author royalty upon the former, while the latter costs nothing.

Is not the logic of the situation clearly and convincingly against the American book? Of course, the publisher says to himself, it is better that I read no American manuscripts, for, if I do, I may like them, and may weakly publish them. This is no exaggeration of the reasoning and the practice of most American publishers to-day. Only a few days since, a prominent Boston publisher testified before a committee of Congress that for two years he had not read an American manuscript.

With this state of affairs, what becomes of American authorship? How can we have an American literature? Mr. Howells has just said that "Mr. T. W. Higginson has gone far to make us believe with him that our national story (history) is more important, more varied, more picturesque, and more absorbingly interesting than any historic subject offered by the world beside." But just as we have done in the past, we are likely to go on in the future, reading Hume and Macaulay and Gibbon, and Green, and Guizot, and learning every history but our own, because it is cheaper so to do. We shall go on thinking not our own but Englishmen's thoughts, discussing not our own but Englishmen's topics, seeing life and the world through insular glasses, and narrowing ourselves through insular prejudices. Can we afford to live on this cheap food, meant for men of another continent, and of a fading era, and not intended for us, whose nation and form of government belong emphatically to the present and to the untried future?

And thus works the great law of compensation and retribution. We enjoy our cheap imported fruits, which have been carried too far from their native fields to be entirely healthful for us, and while we enjoy them we unconsciously destroy the possibility of that rich and abundant and healthy native growth which should be springing up all over our own broad land.

I have but attempted to give a general view of the situation, and to show that common honesty, and our good repute among the nations of the world, demand the immediate passage of an international copyright law; and that, while we may short-sightedly think that expediency would forbid us to be just, yet in reality we are paying too dearly for our supposed cheap books; and that our own self-interest calls just as loudly as conscience for this long delayed reform. I have tried to show that here, as everywhere in this divinely governed world, the right is the best good, and honesty is not only beautiful in itself, but the best policy.

There are other phases of the subject, but

these are its broad lines. There are questions of detail, such as where the books shall be manufactured, and by whom, questions of the interests of publishers, and of type manufacturers and printers. But these are minor matters and should not be allowed to confuse our minds, nor to endanger the quick righting of a great wrong.

While we are combatting the fallacies of the new reasoners who would say that the land does not belong to him who owns the title, nor the railroads to those who paid for them, and, in fact, that it is doubtful if anything belongs to anybody, we had best ourselves be honest in all things, and bow to the great commandment, "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL." Let us do justice though the heavens fall; but we should be wise enough to see that the heavens will not fall, but, on the contrary, will shine upon us with greater brightness and blessing, and give us that true prosperity which we never can reach under the old and ill reign of might and injustice.

ALEXANDER C. MCCLURG.

#### HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.\*

On the 15th of March, 1882, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote:

"O Bells of San Blas, in vain  
Ye call back the Past again;  
The Past is deaf to your prayer;  
Out of the shadows of night  
The World rolls into the light;  
It is daybreak everywhere."

On the 24th of the same month, the poet sank quietly into death. The world followed him to his grave at Mt. Auburn, and has waited reverently and patiently for some one, properly qualified, to tell the story of his life, meanwhile contenting itself with such "Studies" thereof as might from time to time appear. And this desire to know the life of one whose words had become household phrases in many lands was not that evil curiosity that seeks to turn every public man's life into a mere museum; but the loving expression of appreciative hearts that wished to come into closer and more permanent relations with him who had given them help, comfort, and inspiration. It was the feeling that the life of such a man had in it, if it could be known, that which would increase the value of his spoken words. Our land may yield us, and the world, poets who shall surpass Longfellow in a mere literary point of view; perhaps it may have done so already; but it will never produce one who will come any nearer to the heart of the people.

At last, after some years of expectancy, we

\*LIFE OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. With extracts from his journals and correspondence. Edited by Samuel Longfellow. In two volumes, with portraits and other illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

have a biography that, whatever may be its defects, will be the authority upon the life of Mr. Longfellow. Contained in two octavo volumes, illustrated with portraits of the poet (some of which are etchings), reproducing in fac-simile some of the poems so familiar to every schoolboy, having also a pleasing picture of Mrs. Longfellow, well printed, and most carefully and conscientiously edited by his brother, the long awaited story reaches us. Turning to the table of contents, we see the customary chapters devoted to the childhood and early education of the subject; but the editor has kindly spared us any tedious narration of ancestry, and has introduced us to his college days as soon as possible. But even then we notice that about one-half of the work is a publication of Mr. Longfellow's journal, and that very much of that part devoted to the earlier years, his college days, his travels while fitting himself for the duties of his professorship at Bowdoin, and again while preparing for his chair at Cambridge, is composed of his letters. In fact, these are but his journal thrown into the form of correspondence and mailed at regular intervals to his parents.

It will thus be seen that the claim of Mr. Samuel Longfellow to be simply an editor is well sustained. And yet, enjoyable as the book is, if there be any defect it is just at this point; for, as if apprehensive of the fate of so many occupying a similar position, a certain reserve is practiced in the journal—evidenced by the entry for Dec. 14, 1853, which reads: "How brief this chronicle is, even of my outward life. And of my inner life not a word. If one were only sure that one's journal would never be seen by anyone, and never get into print, how different the case would be! But death picks the locks of all portfolios and throws the contents into the street for the public to scramble after." And five years later, this: "A serious question arises: is it worth while to try to live twice at the same time, by recording one's daily life?" But our editor assures us that he has adopted this method that the poet might tell his own story, and because the life of a man of letters is so devoid of incident that no other would serve as well. All of which we may admit, and we are willing to testify to the efficient way in which the plan has been followed; and yet there are times when the editor has become the author, and then we cannot forbear wishing that he had not adhered so resolutely to his method; for, as in the closing chapters of the work, he tells us so graphically and tenderly that which we wish to know, that we feel almost impatient at being compelled to read page after page of mere diary. It is true that the journal reveals the poet, the husband and father, the friend and the professor; that we

learn in it how glad he was to be relieved from the routine work of the chair; and it is also true that but for this journal we might not have found how great was his humanity. But was it necessary to ask us to read entries concerning the "baths he took with his boys," or his "casting flatirons for his children," or his "going to the police station to have some German women released from the charge of stealing apples"?

In accordance with the plan, the domestic life of Mr. Longfellow receives comparatively little attention. Yet the omission is so gracefully made as not to imply any defect in the character of the poet, but intimates that while much could be said the whole was touched with the reserve that appealed to all but the most intimate visitors at Cambridge. In a manner very charming, we are led to see the devotion of Longfellow as husband and father, and yet he is made perfectly secure from anything approaching indelicate intrusion on the part of the reader. Yet while the editor has intended only to let us see the man, he has really uncovered the poet—for such Longfellow was, by nature, choice, and culture. It is not necessary to particularize the influence of his childhood, but these pages make very apparent the solid sense of his father and the good judgment and affection of his mother. And for himself, he had the rare fortune to know what was in him and to adhere to his resolution to develop it. He declares this to his father, who, with matter-of-fact logic, replies to the desire of his son to become a literary man, that "it may be well enough as a diversion, but there is not wealth enough in the whole country to support mere literary men." Nevertheless, Longfellow, without breaking with his father, carried his point; for he had a clear idea of the "genius of modern poetry in its recognition of the religious feelings," and by this recognition of the province of poetry shaped his life work into success.

Notwithstanding the caution with which he penned his journal, there does appear upon its pages much of the inner history of his poems. It is evident that not all is unfolded, but there is enough to show that the poems do not owe their wonderful acceptance to a vivid imagination, whereby he succeeded in simulating the feelings of the reader under the supposed conditions of the poem and writing accordingly, but to experiences through which he passed and to emotions and hopes which had swayed him. Referring to his "Psalm of Life," he says: "It was a voice from my inmost heart, at a time when I was rallying from depression." It was regarded by him as so much a part of himself that it was kept in manuscript for some time. Later he remarks how he heard it quoted in a sermon, but "the



conceit was taken out of him by hearing a lady at Prescott's say that 'nobody knew where the quotation came from.' So again, referring to "The Reaper and the Flowers" he writes: "I was softly excited, I knew not why; and wrote, with peace in my heart and not without tears in my eyes, 'The Reaper and the Flowers.'" Often he speaks of his inability to catch the thought that lies floating in his brain; but at other times they come into form not by lines but by stanzas. It must not be inferred that his poems were the result only of "moods;" on the contrary, they were carefully planned; but however thoughtfully outlined and carefully revised, the actual suggestion and composition were "inspirational" in the strongest and highest human sense.

There is one side to our poet, brought out in this work, which may be new to many of his readers, namely, his critical disposition. It is but just to say that he tried to exercise his judgment as thoroughly upon his own productions as upon those of other writers. The translation of Dante—to which he set himself partly as a relief from his great sorrow, and partly at the suggestion of his friends—was subjected to the severest criticism. Every Wednesday Mr. Longfellow would read the proof of a canto to his friends Lowell and Norton, and every doubtful word or obscure phrase would be carefully taken up and made the subject of the most searching examination. Perhaps the poet followed this method because, in the instance of "Hyperion," he had discovered that his own valuation of his work was at variance with that of the people, and also because he wished to honor his native land by offering to the Florentines upon an historic occasion the most worthy English translation of their greatest poet. But it was not to Dante only that he gave such care. All of his poems are shown by this journal to have been the subject of most conscientious revision; and we may be permitted to state that entries in regard to the "Christus" are found covering many years. Parts of that design appeared in print through the course of the time in which he was engaged upon it as the "inspiration" came upon him, until all were gathered into one complete poem. Even his warm friendships with literary men did not prevent him from exercising his critical faculties. He speaks of Carlyle's "unpolished manners, Scotch accent, but such fine language and beautiful thoughts that it is truly delightful to hear him," and of "the lovely character of Mrs. Carlyle, with her simple manners, and so very pleasing." He does not hesitate to criticise a poem of Prescott as "most rabid trash"—"trash with a tail to it;" nor to disapprove of Cooper and Bulwer and Maryatt, and to deprecate the course which Irving

pursued in writing odds and ends for "The Knickerbocker." Even his friend Sumner comes in for a share of gentle criticism for his Anglomania upon his return from Europe. Willis he almost sneers at, though that exceedingly light poetaster boasted of making ten thousand dollars in one year through his "poetry." He refers to "Jane Eyre" as an interesting book, and to "Adam Bede" as written by one who confuses the sex; but he scarcely notices Poe. It will be remembered that his use of the hexameter in "Evangeline" was severely criticised. Cogitating one day upon the effect of that metre, and contrasting it with the pentameter, he makes several couplets, and among them this:

"In hexameter sings serenely a Harvard professor;  
In pentameter him damns censorious Poe."

Elsewhere appears a letter to this poet—purely a courteous one—upon business; but nowhere else does there seem to be any allusion to him. Longfellow was an habitual church-goer; but even here he could not resist a temptation to criticise the preacher. One hot day he heard a hair-splitting sermon by Dr. W., and commented thereon that the preacher "should have lived in the days of Thomas Aquinas," adding that "a sermon was no sermon to him unless he could hear the heart beat." Of Carlyle's "Latter-Day Pamphlet," No. 1, he says that he appears to be "running to emptings;" and Mrs. Browning's Portuguese Sonnets seem to him "to be admirable, though at times rather dusky, yet deep and impassionate," while of Ruskin he remarks "that in all his books there are divining-rods and grand passages of rhetoric like iliads in nutshells;" but he notices of a certain lecturer, that his definition of great poets was such as to include the lecturer himself. We have not space to speak in detail of Longfellow's intimate and beautiful relations with Hawthorne, Agassiz, Felton, and Sumner, nor of his profound interest in the struggle in which Sumner was so deeply interested and which eventuated in the war; nor can we quote the record of the honors paid him by literary men and institutions. Enough has been given to show the scope and value of this work. While we do not believe it should be the last word concerning its illustrious subject, it has made possible a satisfactory study of our household poet's place in the temple of English literature.

WILLIAM M. LAWRENCE.

#### THE EPIC SONGS OF RUSSIA.\*

One seldom comes upon a more attractive book, both inside and outside, than Miss Hapgood's "Epic Songs of Russia." The typog-

\*THE EPIC SONGS OF RUSSIA. By Isabel Florence Hapgood. With an introductory note by Professor Francis J. Child. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

raphy is of the most beautiful and the stories are among the most entertaining of their class. The term "epic" may seem to some inappropriate for a collection of some thirty short stories; but the style and the material are purely epic, and the stories, although short, are not isolated. There is a well-defined group of heroes found in nearly all of them—the courteous Prince Vladimir, Dobrynya Nikitich the dragon-slayer, and Ilya of Murom, the peasant hero. Indeed, Wolf's theory of the Homeric poems might find strong support in these tales. It would not require much manipulation—at the hands, say, of a Russian Pisistratus—to mould these into a continuous epic, possessing almost as much unity as the *Iliad*.

In saying that these stories are epic in style and material, we would not be understood to place them upon the same level as the great epics of literature, or even to imply that they are capable of being wrought into an epic of their standard. They are upon a distinctly lower plane—heroic, but the heroism of Russian peasants, not of Greek chieftains or of Scandinavian warriors. We all remember a controversy between Matthew Arnold and F. W. Newman, as to whether the adjective "quaint" would apply to Homer's poetry. Mr. Arnold seemed to us to have on the whole the best of it, as regards Homer's style; but for the style of these Russian songs *quaint* is almost too weak an expression. They are in many places *grotesque*, and sometimes, one would think, consciously and intentionally so. Where Nestor tells with dignity of his prowess as a youth, the nobles of royal Kiev fall to boasting at their banquets. "Thou testest not my white swan," says Vladimir to Stavr, "neither makest thou any brag." At which Stavr is incited to relate the splendor of his home, among other things that he has "thirty young tailors—masters of their trade, who make ever new caftans, so that Stavr weareth his garments but a day, or at the most, two days, and then selleth them in the market to princes and nobles at a great price. But Stavr will not brag." The deeds of strength are told in an oddly statistical style. "The measure of that cup was a bucket and a half, and its weight a pood and a half [60 lbs.]. Quiet Dunai took the cup in one hand and quaffed it at a breath." "He leaped into the lofty belfry, tore down the great bell of St. Sophia, in weight 3,000 poods, and set it on his head as a good cap." The book is full of horrors, but the horrors are so grotesque that the effect is often comical in the extreme. Vasily Buslaevich, the brave of Novgorod, when a boy, had a bad habit of jesting "in rude fashion with noble and princely children. When he plucked at a hand, it was torn away from the shoulder; each foot he pulled

dropped off with the leg attached; heads at his touch spun round like buttons; when he knocked two or three children together, they lay as dead." As might be expected, "then came people from the Princes of Novgorod to the honorable widow to make complaint of her son."

Like the Charlemagne and the Nibelungen cycles, these legends gather around the names of real persons. Vladimir is of course a well-known historical character, the first Christian prince of Russia, although he is confused with another Vladimir (Monomachos) of the eleventh century. Volga Vseslavich is Olga, the successor of Rurik. Most of the names are identified with actual personages, and with these legends have been incorporated the memories of the heathen period. An appendix, which explains these historical allusions, generally identifies the hero with some natural phenomenon, after the manner of the prevailing school of comparative mythology, and these identifications are interesting and valuable. This theory is also stated with some detail in the Introduction. In the Preface, however, the author says: "The theory that the epic songs are of purely legendary origin, and not native myths, is gaining ground." This is an interesting statement. Undoubtedly the accepted theory has been pushed to an undue extreme by some writers, and we see a reaction from it in various directions. In the stories before us, it is hard to trace the representation of natural phenomena, without the help of the interpreter—and not always easy then. It will not do, however, to go to the other extreme, and reject this interpretation entirely.

The Introduction is not long (nineteen pages), but contains a very adequate and helpful account of the origin and interpretation of the legends. Here we learn the important fact that these are, to all intents and purposes, the only surviving examples of the popular heroic epic:—in western Europe these epics having been committed to writing in the Middle Ages, and "their memory having completely died out among the people." In the Farøe Islands these songs were still sung, we are told, at the beginning of the present century; but, we suppose, have perished since. "Russia presents the phenomenon of a country where epic songs, handed down wholly by oral tradition for nearly a thousand years, is not only flourishing at the present day in certain districts, but even extending into fresh fields."

Miss Hapgood's book is ushered in with a hearty word of welcome, by Professor Child, "for this spirited and sympathetic version of the more important of the Great Russian Popular Heroic Songs." Commendation from this source makes all other praise superfluous;

and we need only add our assurance that the student will derive instruction and the reader hearty enjoyment from this volume.

W. F. ALLEN.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

In our last review of current works of fiction attention was called to the "War and Peace" of Count Tolstoi, a portion of which had then appeared in English. Since that time there has been published an English translation of the "Anna Karénina" of the same author, and the opportunity is now first offered to judge of the famous Russian by the whole of one of his two acknowledged masterpieces. In forming a judgment of this sort, the question of the translation itself is of the first importance, and in this respect "Anna Karénina" has decidedly the advantage over "War and Peace." The earlier translation is made through the French, and so badly made that the sense of many parts of the original is no longer to be recognized. The present translation is made directly from the Russian by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, and seems to have been a very careful and painstaking work. It was certainly no holiday task, for there are nearly eight hundred pages in the compact volume which contains its final product. The work is, for the most part, so well done that we notice with more than usual regret the occasional instances of hurry or carelessness in its use of language, and the one very serious error of judgment into which the translator has fallen. Of this carelessness a few illustrations may be given. "Had he realized that this news would have had such an effect" is a phrase which occurs in a place where "would have" is obviously intended for "would have had." Another instance is

this: "He strongly adhered to the views on all such subjects, as the majority . . . advocated." Still another is this: "A spirit of conflict, which she, no more than Vronsky, had power to control." Elsewhere we find the descriptive phrase "very enormous," which does not seem exactly defensible as grammar, and still elsewhere we have a passage descriptive of evening twilight which speaks of Venus as rising "clear above the hills," which is certainly not defensible as astronomy. These are a few cases of something for which we made no special search, but which occasionally forced itself upon our attention. The error of judgment to which we allude is more serious. The translator has taken the responsibility of modifying, in deference to the squeamish taste of American novel readers, certain portions of the work. "In certain scenes," he says in his preface, "the realism is too intense for our Puritan taste; and, perforce, several of these scenes have been more or less modified in the present translation." After this frank avowal no lack of good faith can be charged upon the translator, but we regret that it should have been necessary to make the avowal. If we are to have translations of the masterpieces of literature at all, we have a right to demand that they shall be as accurate as scholarship can make them. The alteration of a single word or any conscious modification of its meaning is a serious offence to literature. If "Puritan taste" cannot take the great writers as they are, so much the worse for that peculiar species of taste. Literary and artistic tastes have quite as good claims to be considered.

"Anna Karénina" (1875-1877) was first published in a Russian review. It is the most mature and probably the greatest of the products of its author's imagination. Unlike "War and Peace" it is purely domestic in its subject matter, but there is no lack of variety in its scenes and characters. It is, indeed, a world in itself, so comprehensive is its grasp, and so intimately does it bring us into relations with the manifold aspects of country and city life in Russia. Were this work the sole available document, it would be possible to construct from its pages a great deal of Russian contemporary civilization. It is, of course, realistic to the last degree. But its realism is not confined to minute descriptions of material objects, and is no less made use of in the treatment of emotion. There are few works of art in which the art is so well concealed; few works of fiction which give so strong a sense of reality as this. We seem to look upon life itself and forget the medium of the novelist's imagination through which we really view it. And right here we are brought to compare the methods of Tolstoi with those of his better known and unquestionably

\*ANNA KARÉNINA. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

WAR AND PEACE. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Part II. The Invasion, 1807-1812. Two volumes. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

SALAMBRÔ OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Englished by M. French Sheldon. London and New York: Saxon & Co.

SNOW BOUND AT EAGLE'S. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE BOSTONIANS. By Henry James. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A TALE OF A LONELY PARISH. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE ALIENS. By Henry F. Keenan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE LATE MRS. NULL. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HASCHISCH. A novel. By Thorold King. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE PRELATE. A Novel. By Isaac Henderson. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

LOVE'S MARTYR. By Lawrence Alma Tadema. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES. By James M. Ludlow. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.



greater countryman, Tourguénieff. In the marvellous novels of Tourguénieff we have this same feeling of immediate contact with the facts of material existence and of emotional life, and the effect is produced with much less machinery than Tolstoi is compelled to use. The work of Tourguénieff surpasses the work of Tolstoi, in revealing that final sublimation of thought and imagination which give to it an artistic value beyond that of almost any other imaginative prose. Tolstoi lacks this power of concentration and this unerring judgment in the choice of word or phrase. He cannot sum up a situation in a single pregnant sentence, but he can present it with great force in a chapter. Now that this story of "Anna Karénina" has been brought to the cognizance of the western world, it is not likely to be soon forgotten. It will be remembered for its minute and unstrained descriptions, for its deep tragedy, unfolded act after act as by the hand of fate, and for its undercurrent of gentle religious feeling, never falling to the offensive level of dogmatism, yet giving a marked character to the book, and revealing unmistakably the spiritual lineaments of the Russian apostle of quietism.

In this connection we have also to note the appearance of the second part of "War and Peace." This portion of the work is entitled "The Invasion," and carries on the story through the years of tranquillity that followed the peace of Tilsit up to the period of renewed warfare and the advance of the French army upon Moscow. The same grasp of character, the same descriptive power, and the same vivid reproduction of military life which fascinate the reader of the earlier volumes, reappear in these later ones.

Still another and a very important work claims our attention in its first English translation. The "Salammbô" of Gustave Flaubert has a well defined place among the classics, and the author's high rank in French literature is determined almost equally by this work and by the better known "Madame Bovary." The same qualities of minute description and unsparing analysis which in that story of French provincial life leave an uneffaceable impression upon the memory are found in this archaeological romance of old Carthage. The ordinary writer of the historical sort of fiction contents himself with a few conventional scenes as a background upon which to outline the successive acts of a drama whose feeling is essentially modern and of the every-day world. The method of Flaubert in "Salammbô" is very different. Mr. Edward King remarks in his introduction to this translation that "Flaubert was a thorough convert to the idea that every material thing the description of which is per-

manent in literature must have been seen, grappled with, handled, lived." In pursuance of this idea he spent years in becoming acquainted with the material of his romance; he travelled through Phœnicia; he went to Tunis and examined with untiring industry the ruins of Carthage and the characteristics of the surrounding country; he ransacked the museums of Europe for illustrations, and he read the literature of the subject with a zeal which stood him in good stead when the critics assailed the details of his marvellous reconstruction of antiquity, for they found him prepared to hold his own and to produce an authority for each questioned detail. And the result of all this labor, it is surprising to say, is not a piece of pedantry or a labored piece of mechanical construction, but a work drawn upon the broad and symmetrical lines of art, which meets at once and equally the aesthetic and archaeological requirements. The number of modern French paintings which have been based upon scenes from this work testify in the most striking fashion to its graphic excellence, and the force and beauty of its style speak for themselves upon every page. Flaubert's vocabulary was as large as that of Gautier, and he had much the same mastery of expression, bestowing almost inconceivable pains upon this feature of his work. In view of this the task of translation presented great difficulties, and the present translator has perhaps done better than was to be expected. There is still a certain harshness in the English which is foreign to the original, but we are not disposed to be over-critical of so careful and sincere a piece of work. For its appreciation there is needed a somewhat robust taste, and those readers who delight in the effeminate and boudoir kind of literature should be warned that there is nothing for them in this gallery of glowing pictures wherein the horrors as well as the beauties of semi-barbaric antiquity are unsparingly displayed.

As we turn from the strong meat of such works as these to the pastry of the home-made fiction, there is a painful sense of the limitations of American novelists. Perhaps the strongest and most genuine of them all is still Bret Harte, whose powers show no sign of decay. "Snow Bound at Eagle's" is the capital story that the long line of its predecessors would lead us to expect, and the only regret which this and Mr. Harte's other recent productions occasion is that they come so quickly to an end. "Gabriel Conroy" shows that the kind of interest which these short stories have can be sustained by the writer throughout a full-grown romance, and makes us wish for others of the same generous proportions.

Why Mr. Henry James should call his latest

novel "The Bostonians" is not exactly clear. It is true that some of the scenes are laid in Boston, and that some of the queer figures who appear in them are represented as inhabitants of that city. But they are types so entirely abnormal as to prevent them from reflecting in any degree the character of Boston people, or, indeed, of any people as a class; the author might, with some approach to fitness of nomenclature, have called his book "The Mississippian," for the only person in it who has much human reality is the one to whom that designation applies. "The Bostonians" is long—very long; it is also eminently uneventful. The secret of its length needs no further elucidation than the opening passage gives. "Olive will come down in about ten minutes; she told me to tell you that. About ten, that is exactly like Olive. Neither five nor fifteen, and yet not ten exactly, but either nine or eleven." Not only is the author wearisomely minute in his own analysis, but he forgets himself to the extent of allowing his characters to imitate him in this respect. The net result amounts to what is almost a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole method. He has never before told so slight a story in so many words, and the consequence is that these pages are lacking in most of the qualities that they should possess. Nothing remains, in fact, but a mass of analysis of trifling things which is burdened by its own excessive weight, a collection of more or less felicitous expressions, most of which are repetitions, and a generally accurate use of English. It undoubtedly is gratifying to find one writer who uses the word "demean" correctly, and if a novel were merely an exercise in style, "The Bostonians" would be a marked success. But it will not quite bear even the microscopic tests which it invites, and to find one of the most familiar lines of "Faust" misquoted in its pages is all the more depressing for its general excellence in matters of detail.

According to Schopenhauer, the people who write books are of three kinds: those who write to give expression to their previously formed thoughts, those who do some thinking while they write, and those who write without thinking at all. The writer of "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" does not appear to belong to either of the first two classes. Mr. Crawford gave some promise when he first entered the field as a novelist, but the promise has become more doubtful with each successive appearance. He seems now to have reached the point at which the composition of romances is a strictly mechanical process, and we see no reason why he should not produce a new one every six months for the remainder of his life. To be sure, it is just possible that the public will detect the lack of inspiration and refuse to read him after a while, but, judging from the

shining example of the Reverend Mr. Roe, we see no good reason for looking forward to such a critical awakening on the part of this uncritical world. The new story is commonplace in subject as well as in treatment. It is wearisome to a degree even beyond the reach of "An American Politician." The style of the writer, which once had certain praiseworthy qualities of vigor and concentration, has become relaxed in fibre and flaccid in texture. Altogether, it is a very poor example of the art of story-telling, and does no credit either to Mr. Crawford or to American fiction.

"The Aliens" is Mr. Henry F. Keenan's third novel, and exhibits something of an advance upon the other two. It has no "ingratiating epigraph" like "Trajan," nor is it guilty of the thinly disguised personalities of "The Money Makers." The gorgeous vocabulary of the earlier novels has been cut down to limits not greatly beyond the author's reach. Moreover, the story is not without a certain power in its presentation of the condition of our Irish emigrant population. It dates from early in the century, and the scene is laid in Western New York, Warchester and Bucephalo standing very evidently for Rochester and Buffalo. It deals with the fortunes of an Irish emigrant family and discusses with a good deal of feeling the way in which they are treated by the Americans among whom they cast their lot. Mr. Keenan is full of sympathy for the "aliens" of this race, and his book is almost as much a tract as a story. As a story it has too much Irish brogue and too little imagination of the better sort. It alternates, for the most part, between the lurid and the commonplace, and while it undoubtedly has a fair supply of local color, it does not carry us back into the past with much effect. Its gravest fault is to be found in the confused manner of its telling, and many of the passages have to be re-read before they become intelligible.

"The Late Mrs. Null" is certainly better late than never, although her failure to appear on time sorely taxed the patience of numbers of expectant readers. The story is successful in preserving the peculiar qualities of Mr. Stockton's humor, and has the added interest given by an intricacy of plot and a variety in character of which the short story does not admit. It is a cleverly planned and delightfully written piece of fiction, with just enough hold upon the realities to keep it out of the clouds, and just enough of airy humor to prevent us from taking it very seriously. The interest deepens continuously as the end is neared, and the closing episode is one of the most amusing things in recent literature.

"Haschisch" is the brief and significant title of a simple but clever and interesting story. It deals with a mysterious murder, and the

detection of the criminal by employment of the titular drug. He is led to partake of the "haschisch" by a ruse, and in the induced state of excitation which follows he enacts in pantomime the crime of which he was once guilty in reality. When he realizes the fact of his self-conviction, he promptly puts an end to his life. The writer seems to have studied the Gaboriau and Hugh Conway types of novel to some purpose, although he has avoided the over-complexity of the one and the impossible element of the other. We must object to his connection of the Assassins with the drug whose name has a fancied similarity to theirs.

There is the material of a good story in "The Prelate," and it fails to be one chiefly from an unfortunate didactic admixture. The writer has attempted to combine a tract directed against Jesuitism with the elements of a romance, and neither the tract nor the romance is benefited by the conjunction. The feeble and incoherent opening chapters are, it is true, chiefly suggestive of the young woman who has spent a few months in some foreign city, and believes herself thereby qualified to base a novel upon her anything but novel impressions and experiences, but the faults of the story in its earlier chapters get less and less apparent as we go on. The writer's grasp becomes firmer, and the somewhat intricate network of relations in which we are involved is untangled with considerable skill. We speak of the writer as a woman, because the story has characteristics which warrant the suspicion that the name of Isaac Henderson is an assumed one, and deceptive as to the writer's sex. The story is not unlike the work of Miss Tinker, both in subject and in treatment, and gives more promise than is usually given by first efforts.

"Love's Martyr" is a novel by the daughter of Alma-Tadema, the celebrated English painter. It is said to be her first literary production, and, considered as such, it has unusual finish. It is refined in sentiment and graceful in expression, treating a difficult, and, indeed, almost impossible subject with considerable power. The story, which is merely a sketch in retrospect, is of the simplest design, and its parts are skilfully grouped. The total effect would be altogether pleasing, were it not for a certain sombreness of tone, and for the difficulty inherent in the subject, which is that of a woman married to a man whom she does not love, after having thrown herself at the feet of another only to be rejected. The sense of duty which is urged in justification of her course does not seem a sufficient warrant for it.

The surprise of our collection of current fiction comes, however, in the shape of a historical romance of the time of Scanderbeg and the fall of Constantinople. "The Captain of

the Janizaries" is the work of Mr. James M. Ludlow, and is a refreshing and remarkable production. There is here no wearisome soul-searching and no minute analysis of the trivial, but a straightforward romance written almost in the great manner of Scott. As a story it is absorbingly interesting from first page to last. As a resuscitation of history, it has the accuracy without the pedantry of the works of German and other moderns. As a presentation of the physical aspects of the Balkan peninsula it is very striking, and shows close familiarity with the regions described. As a study of the life and manners of the remote epoch with which it deals it exhibits without ostentation a careful and minute research. And as a literary composition it has more merits and fewer faults than most of the books written in this age of hurried production. The colossal historical figures of Scanderbeg and of Mahomet II. are drawn with the hand of a master, and scene after scene of the final great struggle of Moslem and Christian is brought before the dazzled sense of the reader, leading him up to the crowning event—the capture of Constantinople—which is described with extraordinary vividness. Those readers who have preserved their reverence to Scott in the face of all newer developments of the novel cynical, satirical, analytical, or critical, will find this book after their own heart. It is full of the warm-blooded, healthful life of the age of deeds: a quality which cannot be too highly prized in an age of words. It brings us close to the heart of nature and of man—of nature in a land where nature asserts herself, and of man as he was before over-civilization brought enervation in its train and much thinking made him prematurely old. Besides all this, it gives fascination to an epoch whose history has heretofore been buried in the collections of those dreariest of annalists who chronicled the fortunes of the Byzantine empire.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY.\*

What the Fourth-of-July orators have long been telling us in glittering generalities, Mr. Carnegie has set forth in a bill of particulars; and he shows conclusively that the much-ridiculed orators have been telling the truth. He confines the field of his observations mainly to the past fifty years—the era of railroad building, on which the rapid development of the country has so largely depended; and gives, incidentally, a great deal of significant information regarding other countries besides our own. He sets out with an array of facts

\* TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY; OR, FIFTY YEARS' MARCH OF THE REPUBLIC. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



that hardly cease to be startling even when familiar; as, that the United States contain more English-speaking people than all the rest of the world; that the wealth of the republic exceeds that of Great Britain; and that it also surpasses the mother country not only in agriculture but in manufactures. Many of the other items in the array of statistics follow as corollaries from these, but not all. It is shown that for every pauper in the United States there are twenty-one in Holland and Belgium, and six in Great Britain and Ireland; that seven-eighths of our people are native born; that twenty-two per cent. of them now live in towns of 8,000 or more inhabitants; that if the live stock in our country were marshalled in procession five abreast, in close order, the line would reach round the world and overlap; that Chicago alone makes half as many steel rails in a year as Great Britain, and Minneapolis turns out so much flour that the barrels would form a bridge from New York to Ireland; that we produce sixteen pounds of butter annually for every man, woman, and child in the country, and if our crop of cereals were loaded in carts, it would require all the horses in Europe, and a million more, to move it; that more yards of carpeting are manufactured in Philadelphia than in all Great Britain; that a single factory in Massachusetts turns out as many pairs of boots as 32,000 boot-makers in Paris; that our Government has given us more land for the support of schools and colleges than the entire area of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Nearly every page of the book is crowded with facts, those here cited being only snapped up at random. But Mr. Carnegie has not thrown them together at random; he has marshalled them in orderly array, considering in succession the growth of our cities and towns, the conditions of life in America, our occupations, our system of education, our religious liberty, our treatment of pauperism and crime, our agriculture, manufactures, mining industries, trade and commerce, railways and waterways, our progress in literature, art, and music, and our national balance-sheet. He has done his work so well that no reader need pass the book by because he hates figures; he has turned the census into exciting reading, and rendered statistics poetical. Only in rare instances does his rhetoric outrun his facts; but two are noteworthy. When he says, "The American people have never taken up the sword except in self-defence or in defence of their institutions; never has the plough, the hammer, or the loom been deserted for the sword of conquest," he forgets the Mexican war; and when he says "They [the freedmen] now exercise the suffrage just as other citizens do; there is not a privilege possessed by any citizen which is not theirs,"

he forgets the wholesale suppressions of the votes of freedmen in the South. On the whole, the volume makes a showing of which any American may justly be proud, so far at least as present achievements are concerned; and in its indications of the future the citizen may find many texts for serious reflections upon our responsibilities as well as our privileges. It should especially be read by those who are accustomed to fix their eyes upon the defects of American institutions and manners, while ignorantly extolling the supposed superiority of something across the sea. Mr. Carnegie is himself a living example of the prizes that our country offers to genius, enterprise, and industry, unhampered by accidents of birth and social restrictions. He came here from Scotland, a poor boy, and he is now, at the age of fifty, the greatest steel manufacturer in the world, and a millionaire several times over,—made so, not by any gambling stock-jobbing or management of "corners," but by the development of useful industries. He very pertinently says: "Only the man born abroad, like myself, under institutions which insult him at his birth, can know the full meaning of republicanism."

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A LITTLE volume entitled "Curiosities of the Old Lottery" (Ticknor & Co.) gives an entertaining account of a custom which prevailed in New England, and especially in Massachusetts, a century ago, and which was regarded as a perfectly legitimate method of raising money for benevolent, religious, and educational purposes, as well as for objects of public interest. In January 1761, Faneuil Hall, in Boston, was burnt, and in March the General Court granted the town the privilege of a lottery to rebuild it, and 6,000 tickets, at two dollars each, were sold, of which 1,486 were to draw prizes (ranging from \$1,000 to \$4 each) and 4,514 blanks. The net proceeds, after deducting expenses, was only \$1,200. The saving clause in the statutes was that no lottery could be set up without a special act of the General Court. Harvard College maintained a succession of lotteries from 1794 to 1811. The first building erected for Williams College (then the Williamstown Free School) was raised by a lottery in 1790. The tickets were hawked about the state and advertised in glowing terms as they are now in Southern newspapers. The "Massachusetts Centinel" for June 5, 1790, gives the information that: "Two apprentices belonging to Mr. Bemis, paper-maker, in Watertown, drew the thousand dollar prize of the Williamstown Free School lottery." Dartmouth College had its lottery in 1796, with 1,896 prizes, ranging from \$3,000 to \$6, subject to a deduction of twelve and a half per cent.; and Brown University (then Rhode Island College), in 1797, had a drawing with 3,328 prizes, ranging from \$4,000 to \$9, and yielding \$54,000, from which the college reserved \$8,000. The Providence Episcopal Church had a lottery in

1800, in which the highest prize was \$8,000. It was advertised freely in the Boston newspapers, with a wood-cut heading representing the goddess Fortune, with eyes blinded, standing on a wheel with arms extended, and holding in one hand a scroll with "\$8,000" inscribed upon it; and in the other hand an inverted cornucopia from which money is dropping, and a naked boy is catching it in his hat. Above was the legend: "It is impossible to tell on whom the GOLDEN SHOWER will fall." The Newport, R. I., Congregational Church had its lottery in 1792, and the Boston advertisement stated that, "A few tickets may be had at No. 61 Long-Wharf, if applied for immediately." Leicester Academy had a drawing in 1790, and the managers said: "As the design of this lottery is for promoting piety, virtue, and such of the liberal arts and sciences as may qualify the youth to become useful members of society, the managers wish for and expect the aid of the gentlemen Trustees of the Academy, the reverend clergy, and all persons who have a taste for encouraging said seminary of learning." Col. John Russell was president of a bank in Salem, and regularly announced to his customers the drawings which were to take place and their features. One of these advertisements (March 24, 1807) he heads "A New Dispensary," and in it says: "Then there is the Harvard College lottery which commences in May, which has the highly balsamic cordial of twenty thousand dollars, which will produce the most wonderful effects, by giving a solid tone to the regions of the pocket, and by enriching and invigorating the whole system." Roads were constructed, bridges built, mills erected, and every sort of public improvements made by means of lotteries. During this period a few persons saw their evils and severely denounced them. Joel Barlow wrote in 1792: "I cannot avoid bestowing some remarks on public lotteries. It is a shocking disgrace of modern governments that they are driven to this pitiful piece of knavery to draw money from the people. It has its origin in deception; and depends for its support on raising and disappointing the hopes of individuals; on perpetually agitating the mind with unreasonable desires of gain; on clouding the understanding with superstitious ideas of chance, destiny, and fate; on diverting the attention from regular industry, and promoting a universal spirit of gambling which carries all sorts of vices into all classes of people." Such healthy and vigorous prose as this, at a period when it was needed, is a partial atonement for the writer's bad poetry. The last gasp of the lottery craze in Massachusetts was in 1840, when it was proposed to raise by this method the funds necessary to finish Bunker Hill Monument, and the project failed. A feeble offspring of the old curse still lingers in charitable and church fairs.

We hardly look for anything new to be said in defence of a protective tariff; yet in the work of Ex-Governor H. M. Hoyt, "Protection versus Free-Trade" (Appleton), we find the threadbare topics treated in a fresh and spicy way, worthy the attention of those interested in the subject. The book had its origin in a friendly challenge given by an eminent professor of political economy in New England to the ex-governor of Pennsylvania, to investigate the science of political economy, especially its teaching in relation to protective tariffs. The result appears

quite different from that anticipated by the professor. Governor Hoyt came to the investigation confessedly under a bias in favor of the policy so strongly and persistently advocated by leading citizens of his state. He comes out in the book one of the most intense denouncers of the doctrine of free trade, and one of the most unqualifying defenders of the protective system we know of. The author shows himself a vigorous writer. His reading has been evidently extensive and thorough; three-fourths of the matter embraced in his 435 pages is made up of quotations from books and treatises of political economy, and scarcely any author of repute is passed by unnoticed. He holds himself quite closely to the line of inquiry indicated on the title-page, viz., "The Scientific Validity and Economic Operation of Defensive Duties in the United States." The inconsistencies and contradictions of various theorists and professors of the so-called science are artfully thrown together to show that there is really no accepted science of political economy—that there are no laws of universal application. Some will regard this as a virtual admission that the protective policy, at least, has no scientific basis to stand on. The writings of Professors Perry and Sumner are made special objects of good-natured, yet sharp criticism and assault. The analogy drawn from transactions of trade between individuals as applied to international trade is set aside with the demand that the wants of the nation as a whole must alone be considered in contemplating what we are to draw from a foreign market. The history of American industry is traced in the light of the protective policy. The high wages paid for labor in our country—a condition to be maintained at all hazards—is magnified as the main consideration demanding the continuance of defensive duties in the United States indefinitely. The discussion throughout proceeds on the assumption that a protective tariff is absolutely necessary to the development of diversified industry in this country—that without it our people are shut up to the one pursuit of agriculture. The book presents, on the whole, an able and clear argument for protection, adapted to the present stage of the discussion. Even those who will not accept it as conclusive may well give it respectful attention.

THE fourth number of the popular series of historical studies called "The Story of the Nations" (Putnam) is a work of high merit. It is "The Story of Chaldea," by Zénaïde A. Ragozin, an author with a foreign and unfamiliar name, but dating the dedication of his book at San Antonio, December, 1865. He has written out of a fullness of knowledge which has enabled him to discuss his subject with admirable ease and force. Young readers, for whom the narrative is expressly designed, will find it every way charming,—a "story" indeed, with all the fascination of a romance. But grave historical students will prize it for this, and for much beyond: for the extent of its valuable and precise information, conveyed in a scholarly and finished manner. The book opens with an account, occupying about one-third of its space, of the present condition of the site of Chaldea, of the circumstances of its exploration by European antiquarians, and of the rich results of their untiring researches. It is a vivid description of the labors of modern scholars in disentombing the records of a long-lost and remote era in the history of human culture, and is freely illustrated with engravings. The remain-

der of the volume is devoted to the story of Chaldea as it has been pieced together out of the fragments gathered from tradition, from the Old Testament, from the structure of the languages spoken by the ancient nations of Asia, and from the ruins and the literatures unearthed in the plains of Mesopotamia. It is a strange revelation, almost undreamed of a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Ragozin claims for Chaldea an antiquity older than that of Egypt, its monumental records pointing to a date nearly 4,000 B. C. He suggests that the Turanian race, the Accads which first settled the country, came originally from some valley in the Altai range. They were superceded by the Cushites and Semites, who brought with them an advanced civilization, founding the cities and developing the arts which distinguished Chaldea in its most prosperous age. The religion and mythology of these different peoples are detailed at considerable length, with their material progress and vicissitudes, so far as these have been at the present date deciphered. The connection of the Chaldean history with that of the Hebrew patriarchs, and the relation between the Chaldean and Hebrew legends, as shown by Mr. Ragozin, are points around which a profound interest centres. Maps of Chaldea are attached in a convenient fashion to the inside covers of the volume.

THE many Americans who have found the sentences of Emerson "a divining-rod to one's deeper nature," as men of such diverse genius as Lowell, Tyndall, and Hamerton have found them, will be glad of the evidence of a still wider extension of the master's sway contained in a recent translation from the German. Professor Herman Grimm of the University of Berlin, author of standard works upon Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Goethe, is one of the most accomplished of living critics and master of an exquisite German style. He is the son of Wilhelm, the more literary of the renowned brothers Grimm, and inherits to the full his father's fine genius. What better evidence do we need of his sure critical eye than is contained in the fact that he was the first German to discover Emerson? His two essays upon Emerson, together with those upon the brothers Grimm, Voltaire, Voltaire and Frederick the Great, Frederick the Great and Macaulay, and others, are now offered us by Miss Sarah H. Adams under the title of "Literature" (Cupples, Upham & Co.). The essays upon Emerson are a sincere and unadorned record of successive impressions received by the author himself and by others who were led by him to read the American seer. In reading it one has the deep satisfaction of learning just what Emerson can do for a cultivated scholar bred to habits and views so different from ours, who comes to our master with no preconceptions. No one could be more thoroughly impressed than is Herman Grimm with the pure genius of Emerson, his freedom from vanity, his penetrative earnestness, his humanity. He shows how Emerson has slowly made his way in Germany, conquering his adversaries or silencing them as has been the case at home. The other essays are not of inferior value and interest. They will serve to open the eyes of readers who are accustomed to regard all Germans as either miners for facts or metaphysicians. In the present translation, however, Professor Grimm shows to little advantage: the rendering, although fluent and generally readable, is too often obscure and incorrect. Miss Adams should

employ an expert to revise her work and to read her proof. Were this translation characterized by the clearness and felicity of the original, these essays would take their place by the side of the best of the kind that have been produced during the present generation in England and America.

THE awful story of the desperate and continuous battle between the Indians and the white men on our frontiers is well outlined by Mr. J. P. Dunn, Jr., under the title of "Massacres of the Mountains" (Harpers). The story could not be completely written in a single volume of portable size; but the portions narrated by the present author give a vivid idea of its savage and bloody nature. Mr. Dunn has devoted much diligent and faithful examination to the Indian question, and seems to have preserved a fair and independent spirit in the pursuit of his inquiries. He places blame for the wrongs practiced between the Indians and the whites, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; and does not hesitate to declare his verdicts in strong and direct terms. He is a vigorous and picturesque writer, and his narrative, which is compact and solid in statement, nowhere halts or weakens in interest. It begins with a summary of the status of the Indian in the United States since the arrival of the Saxon race to dispute its territory with him; the population of the tribes, their rank in civilization, and their relations with our government. After this follows a history of the "acquisition of the mountains," and then a condensed account of the chief encounters between the Indians and the conquering race which have been fought in the region of the Rocky Mountains. It is an appalling tale of treachery, outrage, and slaughter, in which bloodthirsty warriors, lawless white men, and innocent settlers—men, women, and children,—have been the indiscriminate victims. Shame, horror and indignation contend with each other as one reads this page of American history, so black with crime, so stained with the blood and the anguish of the tortured and the slain. Painful as it is to consider, it should be brought to the mind of the public by frequent publications like the present, until by some wise legislation "the wards of the nation" are justly and honestly cared for, and open and avoidable causes of offence by and against them are done away with forever. Mr. Dunn has made liberal use of maps and engravings to render the events he records intelligible.

THE name of Joel Barlow was conspicuous in the post-Revolutionary age as that of a man of varied and signal abilities, which gave him rank among the leading minds of his day. He was the classmate in Yale of Noah Webster, Zephaniah Swift, Uriah Tracy, Josiah Meigs, and Oliver Wolcott; he was the fellow-townsmen in Hartford of John Trumbull, David Humphreys, and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins; and later in life was the friend of Fulton, Jefferson, Thomas Paine, and a host of kindred worthies who were foremost in science, literature and politics. His name is associated with the title of poet, statesman, and philosopher; titles which were more easily acquired a hundred years ago than they are now,—yet each was in a measure due him, for his earliest and chief distinction was that of a versifier, while he displayed in the service of the government no mean skill in statecraft and his interest in philosophical and scientific researches was very decided.



It has been reserved for a recent biographer, Mr. Charles Burr Todd, to write the history of his career with fidelity and amplitude. The "Life and Letters of Joel Barlow" (Putnam) are wanting in no detail which a careful author could supply to present a true picture of the subject under his hand. Dr. Barlow was born at Redding, Connecticut, in 1754. After finishing his course at Yale at the age of 27, he served three years as chaplain in the army. He then prepared for the bar; but the profession not being to his taste, he devoted himself for a time exclusively to literary pursuits. In 1788 he visited Europe as the agent of the Scioto Land Company, and remained abroad seventeen years, during which time he amassed a fortune by trade and speculation. Returning to America he established himself in Washington on the beautiful estate known as Calomora. In 1808 he gave to the world his most pretentious poem, "The Columbiad," on which he had been engaged for many years. It was published in the most sumptuous volume that had at that time been produced in America. In 1811 he accepted an embassy to France, and the year following died near Cracow, in Poland. He left no children.

THE little volume entitled "Frank's Rancho" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) contains a pleasantly written story of a "holiday in the Rockies" which a Londoner gave himself last autumn, for the purpose of viewing the home of his youngest son and meeting once more the child from whom he had been separated several years. The youth came out to America in 1880, to try his fortunes in the far West. He had been reared in luxury, and a place had been made for him in his father's counting-house; but he was restless and longed for a wider sphere. As so many of his young countrymen are now doing, he struck out for the broad plains in the Rocky mountain region, and after bravely enduring the hardships of a frontier life—severe labor, rough fare, solitude and privation,—succeeded in getting a foothold in the wilderness, and at the date of his father's visit was the owner of a rancho and on the road to independence. It illustrates again, as so many English books have done before, the sturdy manhood, hardihood, and pluck of the young offshoots of the English race. There is something we never can cease to admire in the character of a young fellow, reared to ease if not luxury, who voluntarily chooses the hard life of the pioneer which brings him back to the soil, and makes all he is and all he has the result of his own exertion. How many American youths would imitate this English boy? It will add interest to the little book to know that the modest E. M. which stands for the authorship upon the title page, being interpreted, means Edward Marston, the present head of the old London house of Sampson Low, Marston & Co. This book, and another issued a year or two ago over the same initials, called "An Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale," prove that Mr. Marston, if he were not so busy as a publisher, would be apt to take a high rank among the authors of to-day. The "Days in Dove Dale," though known perhaps to but few in America, is really one of the most charming little books in the whole wide range of angling literature. Its style and spirit are as gentle and lovely as that of old Isaac Walton himself, and it is flavored with a humor as genial as that of Addison.

M. ERNEST CHESNAU's treatise on "The Education of the Artist," (translated from the French by Clara Bell), is one of the best volumes yet selected for Cassell's "Fine-Art Library" by the discriminating editor of the series. Its author is an artist and a man of ideas. He starts out with the assertion that, "Throughout Europe, art is in its decadence;" England being the only nation which is improving on its past. The reason he alleges for this decay is that art recruits its votaries for the most part from the illiterate classes, who lack the knowledge to perceive that the men of the present age have a new ideal before their minds, and therefore art must assume a new phase to harmonize with it. Painters insist on following old formulas and old methods which the progressive world has outstripped; therefore their works make no appeal to the people, confer no enjoyment, and find no admirers or patrons among them. It was not so in ancient Greece, when the great masterpieces of architecture and sculpture were created. The artist of that day expressed the life of his time, the spirit and the habits and the customs of his contemporaries. He was no senile imitator of the past. He thought and worked in the present, crystallizing in marble the ideas and emotions, the aims and achievements of his own generation. He reproduced the life before him; hence his work conformed to truth, and like all truth, it was immortal and the common people understood and loved it. But human nature is ever the same in its essential elements. It has not degenerated; it has improved with the passage of time. Men are therefore more capable of great work in art to-day, as they are in all departments of activity, than they were in the age of Pericles. Were our painters educated men, were they to treat art in a philosophical spirit, applying to its development the laws which are obeyed in kindred pursuits, modern architecture and painting would be no less original and noble and inspiring than they were in Greece four centuries and a half before the Christian era, or in Italy in the sixteenth century. M. Chesneau supports these and other propositions with forcible argument and eloquent diction.

IN "The Mammalia in their Relation to Primeval Times," Professor Oscar Schmidt has given a very clear and interesting account of the principal groups of the mammalia, and the probable origin of each, in accordance with modern scientific views. In the words of the author, this work "will be found to contain proofs of the necessity, the truth and the value of Darwinism as the foundation for the theory of descent, within a limited field, and is brought down to the most recent times." \* \* Although the student of natural history may have become acquainted with interesting fragments of the actual science, still the subject has not before been presented in so comprehensive a manner or in so convenient a form." No special reference is made in this work to the ancestry of man, beyond the remark that "the alternative as to whether man was created or developed can no longer be raised, now that we are exercising the free use of our reason." "We are all the more justified in postponing any such discussion," he says, "as the study of anthropology can in no way boast of having made any definite progress during the last ten years." Among the more interesting chapters is a valuable discussion of what Professor Schmidt calls "The Phenomena of Convergence." These phenomena are the

analogies produced by certain peculiarities of environment on different organisms which are not closely related by blood. That in very many cases similar modifications are brought about in the animal world, in organisms of different nature exposed to the same environment, is certain; and, as Professor Schmidt has said, the matter is worthy of more special attention than has been given to it in the works of Darwin. As a convenient compendium of what is known, or can be guessed with reasonable probability, in regard to mammalian genealogy, this work of Professor Schmidt is to be highly commended. It is fitly placed in the "International Scientific Series" (D. Appleton & Co.)

THERE come to us at the same time a new volume in Mr. H. H. Bancroft's "History of California" (A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco), and a volume upon California written by Prof. Josiah Royce—very largely with the aid of Mr. Bancroft's materials—for the "American Commonwealths" series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Bancroft's volume is number four in the history of the State, number twenty in the order of publication, and number twenty-one in the entire series. It thus stands midway among the seven to be devoted to California, and also among the thirty-nine which will constitute the complete work. We congratulate the historian upon having thus successfully reached the half-way station of his long and laborious journey. The events of five years, from 1840 to 1845, are covered by this volume, and everything is now cleared away for the narrative of the conquest and the annexation, which will occupy the next volume. In the present volume there is nothing of a very striking nature, although the constantly increasing influence of foreigners upon Californian affairs is an interesting subject of study, and we have a very distinct preface of the future in the American capture and brief occupation of Monterey in 1842. Prof. Royce calls his volume "a study of American character." In it he deals with but ten years (1846-1856) of Californian history, but with these years in such detail that his work is about twice as long as other volumes of the series to which it belongs. It is the work of a specialist and has involved a great deal of research, but certainly does not carry out the plan of the series, which is to present succinct and readable accounts of the histories of the States, for the use of such readers as have little or no previous acquaintance with their annals.

THE "historical method" has invaded and taken possession of nearly all departments of knowledge during the present century. We have seen it advance successively upon such subjects as language and law, mythology, ethics, and economics, and force them either to a capitulation or a truce. Perhaps in literature alone have æsthetic and *apriori* methods remained predominant up to the present time. But it would seem that the day of literature has at last come also, and the new criticism is put forth in the latest issue of the "International Scientific Series"—a work written by Prof. Hutcheson Macaulay Posnett, and entitled "Comparative Literature" (D. Appleton & Co.) The work is a very remarkable one, to say the least, and deserves the close attention of all students of the subject. Literature is given a strictly scientific treatment by a writer whose æsthetic appreciation of it is also very evident. The growth of literature is found to be characterized

by four well-marked stages. These are the communal or clan stage, the stage in which it reflects the feeling of the city commonwealth, that in which it becomes national, and that in which it comes to have universal import. The author is disposed to quarrel—somewhat needlessly, we think—with the current æsthetic criticism of literature, which takes little account of environment and social conditions. That criticism has its place no less than the other, which it by no means excludes. The author's method, as an instrument of independent investigation, yields in his hands results which are certainly sufficient to warrant its further application. The style in which these results are embodied, moreover, is nearly always good, and in some places it is remarkably good. Special literatures have already been treated in this way, but we do not think that literature as a whole has before been studied in so broadly scientific a spirit, or with such erudition and analytical ability combined.

THE initial number of the series of "Actors and Actresses," edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton, and published by Cassell & Co., reveals the plan and execution of a work which is to include five volumes containing biographical sketches of about seventy-five members of the histrionic profession who have adorned the stage in England and America in the last hundred and thirty years. The first volume presents, under the general term of "Garriek and his Contemporaries," a brilliant and gifted group of artists—Macklin, Quin, Barry, Kitty Clive, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Abington, Garriek, Sheridan, and others to the number of fifteen,—who flourished in the middle and latter part of the last century. The memoirs, contributed by several different writers, are as brief and bald as the articles in a biographical dictionary. To add something like flesh and blood to their bare skeletons, they are supplemented by a collection of extracts from biographies, essays, critical reviews, etc., which furnish a meager amount of anecdote and personal characteristics. The effect of this style of biography is rough and patchy, a poor makeshift for the rounded, finished, life-like delineations which are rightfully anticipated in any attempt to portray the versatile talents and the romantic and exciting adventures which make up the career of the successful theatrical performer, and offer the choicest material for the use of a competent historian. The second volume of the series will be devoted to the Kembles and their contemporaries; the third, to the actors of the generation of Edmund Kean and Junius Brutus Booth; the fourth, to those surrounding Macready and Forrest; and the fifth, to the leading performers now before the public.

MR. JAMES MARK BALDWIN makes, and Dr. McCosh introduces to the American public, a translation of the *Psychologie allemande contemporaine* by M. Th. Ribot, one of the most important of recent psychological works. In this "German Psychology of To-day" (Scribner), the author has summarized and clearly stated the recent experimental work of the Germans, which has so greatly developed the physiological aspect of the science. It is almost impossible to open any of the later works upon psychology without finding references to Weber, Fechner, and especially Wundt, and all students unfamiliar with German or French, will be grateful

for the English version of this able exposition. M. Ribot is already well known to English readers through his works on the subjects of heredity and memory, and his ability as an exponent and critic of the views of other psychologists is generally recognized. The preface which is furnished by Dr. McCosh is of a conservative nature, as might be expected; but a little conservatism is not out of place, for the adherents of what is termed "the new psychology" are inclined towards arrogance, and often forget that the science which they are approaching from the side of physiology must yet be eternally and primarily dependent upon introspection. Far from developing a new science, they are merely studying a neglected aspect of a very old one. No psychologist of to-day can afford to neglect Wundt, who, of course, figures largely in the present work; but such metaphysicians gone astray as Herbart and Lotze can contribute little to the comprehension of psychologic problems.

A NEW book by John Burroughs needs but to be mentioned, to bring to mind fancies of spicy odors, the balmy breath of trees and flowers, bird-songs, and the varied rustle and stir of wild life. The freshness and charm of nature are reflected in every page, as the verdant fringes that border still waters are mirrored on their face. Mr. Burroughs's latest work, "Signs and Seasons" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the same in style and character as the six volumes which have preceded it. They are as like as the seasons which succeed each other—and as diverse. There is a newness in each beautiful day, as though it were the first which ever dawned upon the earth. There is a perennial vigor and raciness in the soul of a man living close to nature, which are never lessened or changed. John Burroughs allies himself so intimately with the living things in the woods and fields that he has become akin to them in spirit,—simple in aim, unconventional in feeling, clear in vision, patient in effort, and unaffected and poetical in utterance. He keeps to a single line of study in harmony with his instincts. It has been his desire to know but a few things, and to know them well; and the value of such a course is declared openly in every page of his writing. It has given him a genuine culture which the most scholarly admire, and wonder at withal. The essays in the present collection treat of birds and beasts and plants and phases of the seasons and the weather, each under some apt and pithy title. There are thirteen of them, all idyllic in form, and as replete with beauties as a summer sky or a sunny landscape.

WHEN, at any time, the reach of human knowledge in some particular direction is undergoing rapid extension, it is well to make an occasional pause for the purpose of reviewing what has already been accomplished. The principle of organic evolution has now been before the world for a quarter of a century, and the extension of knowledge to which it has led is unprecedented in the history of biology, and perhaps in the history of science. Dr. H. W. Conn has thought it well to call attention to the progress which has already been made under the guidance of this principle, and to prepare a summarized account of its present status and prospects. His work bears the title "Evolution of To-day" (Putnams), and the author's claim that it fills a vacancy in our literature is not without foundation. Its aim is to

state rather than discuss, and the statement is clear, forcible, and well provided with illustration. Upon the main question there is to-day, of course, no longer room for discussion; but there are many minor questions which are still open, and the opposing or rival views now held upon these questions are explained with great fairness by the author; and the reader, aided by these explanations, would be enabled to follow the discussions of more argumentative works. It is certainly a cheering sign of the times that a work upon evolution, written in the strictly scientific spirit, should hail from a sectarian educational institution in Connecticut.

THE historical sketches entitled "The Last Days of the Consulate," from the French of M. Fauriel, have a singular history. Some years ago the manuscript fell accidentally into the hands of M. Lalanne, together with the papers of the famous girondist, M. Condorcet. It was without signature, and not until the year 1883 was its authorship established. It was then proved without doubt to be the work of the philologist and historian, Claude Charles Fauriel. Its importance had been noted by M. Lalanne on first reading it, and as soon as its identity was fixed, he caused it to be published, with an introduction and copious explanatory notes prepared by himself. The work comprises a historical sketch of the events which preceded and foreshadowed the destruction of the Republic, dating from the 18th Brumaire; notes on the principal events of the English conspiracy prior to the arrest of Moreau; and a historical picture of the trial of Georges Cadoudal and Moreau; with an incomplete chapter treating of the death of the Duc d'Enghien, etc., etc. The work is valuable for the material it furnishes toward a full understanding of the schemes and purposes of Napoleon in the transformation of the Consulate into the Empire of France. It is calm and firm in style and minute in detail; recording circumstantially a chain of incidents which are of interest to the student of history rather than the popular reader. (A. C. Armstrong & Co.)

MR. W. M. TOWLE'S "Young People's History of England" (Lee & Shepard) is a fair piece of literary work. It is written easily and clearly, and from a good general knowledge of the subject. The author lays no claim to original research; he simply works over the facts which other men have mined, and puts them into a shape suited to his purpose. Neither has he any brilliancy or marked individuality of style. But he is an entertaining narrator, carrying his story along with an agreeable evenness of interest. Occasionally he blunders strangely, as when he says, "For the sixth time, Henry the Eighth married his last wife;" but such lapses are not frequent. "The Young People's History" may be placed in the hands of an intelligent boy or girl with a confidence that it will both amuse and instruct the reader. It is greatly condensed, but the leading events in the life of the nation are plainly defined, and convey a lucid and coherent idea of its development from the conquest of the Britons by Cæsar to the present era. An excellent feature in the plan of the work is the portrayal of the progress of the people in special chapters after each well marked epoch.

THE little story bearing the odd name of "Buz" (Holt) is an admirable piece of work. Its author,



Maurice Noel, offers it to children in the hope of interesting them in the habits of bees; and it cannot fail to effect its purpose, for it is imbued with charms which young people will yield to with delight. But its influence must reach beyond them, to ripe and cultivated minds which alone appreciate at their worth rare literary merits that distinguish a child's book. Buz, the heroine of the story, is a lively and venturesome creature, true to her bee instincts, but marked with a strong individuality. The experiences of her short life are such as befall her species, we may easily believe, even when they are most colored by the author's imagination. They teach us a good deal of bee-nature, and of human nature too; and when they are ended we feel that we have been the spectators of a vivid and touching drama, which has imparted impressive lessons not soon to be forgotten. The book should be passed about from old to young—or from young to old; for it will afford every one a pleasure which it is a pity to miss.

ANOTHER addition to the "Fine-Art Library" which has special worth is "A Short History of Tapestry," by Eugène Müntz, translated from the French by Miss Louisa J. Davis. It deals with a subject of which little is known, especially in our own country, where tapestries of any art value scarcely exist. "Paintings in textile fabrics," as they have been called, have been produced and prized by all nations, from the Egyptians and Assyrians down to the Germans and French of our own day; and the examples of various dates which still exist are surprising in number. M. Müntz has gathered a vast mass of facts concerning the manufacture of artistic hangings in all countries and times, and has interwoven them with critical comments upon the significance and value of different representative works as expressions of the art-feeling and education of the people with whom they originated. The work is valuable as a manual of reference, being, for its scope, exhaustive and accurate.

THE "Life of a Prig, by One," (Henry Holt & Co.) is not as satisfactory a piece of satirical humor as its title would lead us to expect. This is chiefly because the prig who relates his experiences is of the narrow clerical type, so that his priggishness is of a contracted sort, and gives little idea of the rich possibilities of the prig nature as a whole. This particular individual begins his career at Oxford, and in his search for an exclusive and aristocratic religion passes through the stages of ritualism, Roman and other catholicism, Buddhism, (probably of the esoteric sort) and agnosticism, and finally reaches his goal in egotism; worship of himself being the only religion in which he finds no one else desirous of sharing. Perhaps the little book is worth the half hour which is all that its perusal requires.

MR. JAMES BASSETT is an American gentleman who spent the greater part of fourteen years as a Presbyterian missionary in Persia. He naturally felt himself in duty bound to write a book about his experiences, and he calls it "Persia: the Land of the Innams" (Scribner). It consists of a very plain matter-of-fact narrative of his travels, and a few supplementary chapters upon Persian customs and institutions. It is a more solid sort of book than the vacation tourist writes, but is not to be

compared with the recent book of Dr. Wills, for example, nor does it seem to occupy a place which such works have not already filled. We recommend its extraordinary system of orthography to the attention of Mr. Frederic Harrison as an apt illustration of what he calls "a pedantic nuisance."

As a journalist, artist, and author, Mr. Charles Lanman has been during a long career in the way of meeting men of distinction in various walks of life. His recollections of such persons must needs be numerous and interesting, and his volume of "Haphazard Personalities" (Lee & Shepard) shows that he has a pleasant and confiding manner of communicating them. He furnishes biographical notes of nearly forty different men, many of which are new and entertaining. The reminiscences of Prof. Joseph Henry and Washington Irving are especially attractive; but in nearly all the sketches incidents are recorded which throw fresh light on the character of the original subjects.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

PALGRAVE's "Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics" will soon be issued in a fifty cent edition, by Macmillan & Co.

POPE LEO's autobiography, which is announced to appear in the summer of 1887, is first written in Latin, and translated into various tongues. It is said that the publishers of the work, C. L. Webster & Co., expect to print two million copies.

THE summer season brings the announcement of "Macmillan's Summer Reading Series" of popular novels, to consist of new stories by Mrs. Oliphant, W. E. Norris, and others, with reprints of short tales by Crawford, Shorthouse, Miss Yonge, and other favorite writers. The volumes will be sold at fifty cents each.

MR. J. R. OSGOOD has sailed for London, where he will have charge of Messrs. Harper & Brothers' English branch house. In this position, for which Mr. Osgood's long experience as a publisher gives him peculiar fitness, he will succeed the late Sampson Low, who represented Messrs. Harper & Brothers in London for nearly forty years.

It is proposed by admirers of the late Charles Reade—among them Lord Tennyson, Wilkie Collins, Edwin Arnold, James Russell Lowell, Walter Besant, Mrs. Oliphant and Henry Irving—to erect a suitable memorial to him, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, have undertaken to receive and forward subscriptions from this country. A letter from the Rev. Compton Reade says: "Charles Reade was almost an American in his habit of thought, and would have come across, but for sea-sickness, which deterred him."

SIR HENRY TAYLOR, who died a few weeks ago, was the last great English writer whose life connected the eighteenth century with our own age. He was born near the close of the closing year of that century,—October 18, 1800. He led the twofold life of a man of letters and of a public official. His connection with the colonial office lasted for nearly fifty years, and his efficiency in that connection was tested upon many occasions. His works consist of miscellanies in prose and verse, and a series of blank verse dramas, entitled in the order of their production: "Isaac Comnenus" (1828), "Philip

Van Artevelde" (1834), "Edwin the Fair" (1862), "The Virgin Widow" (1850), and "St. Clement's Eve" (1862). His autobiography was published just a year ago. Of these works, "Philip Van Artevelde" is unquestionably the greatest, and one of the noblest poetical productions of the century. It is a work that will always be secure of the small but fit audience of those whose decision is final in matters of literature, and it has already long borne the seal of their approval. It is said that our age has forgotten Sir Henry Taylor and his works. If this be so, the fault is assuredly not with him, but with the age that can be so forgetful of what it ought to cherish. Mr. Swinburne's fine sonnet on the death of Sir Henry Taylor, published in the London "Athenaeum," may fitly be reproduced here:

"Four score and five times has the gradual year  
Risen and fulfilled its days of youth and old  
Since first the child's eyes opening first beheld  
Light, who now leaves behind to help us here  
Light shed from song as starlight from a sphere  
Serene as summer; song whose charm compelled  
The sovereign soul made flesh in Artevelde  
To stand august before us and austere,  
Half sad with mortal knowledge, all sublime  
With trust that takes no taint from change or time,  
Trust in man's might of manhood. Strong and sage,  
Clothed round with reverence of remembering hearts,  
He, twin-born with our nigh departing age,  
Into the light of peace and fame departs."

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD, who has lately travelled through India and Ceylon, has about ready for the press a volume, descriptive and poetical, entitled "India Revisited."

D. APPLETON & Co. have just issued Volume II. of "The Elements of Economics," by Henry D. Macleod; "Alette," a novel, from the French of Octave Feuillet; and a new and revised edition of General Sherman's Memoirs.

THE next volume to appear in the popular series of "Stories of the Nations," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, will be "The Story of Germany," by Rev. S. Barry-Gould; "The Story of Norway," by H. H. Boyesen; and "The Story of Spain," by E. E. and Susan E. Hale.

TICKNOR & Co., Boston, have just published Mr. Hudson's Memorial of Mary Clemmer, with the title "An American Woman's Life and Work;" and, simultaneously with this, a new edition of her writings, in four volumes. The same firm issue also Mary Hallock Foote's new novel, "John Bodewin's Testimony," and Clara Louise Burnham's new novel, "Next Door."

MR. SWINBURNE's long-promised volume of prose essays is announced to appear this month, and, judging from the subjects, its richness will well compensate for the delay. It will include his critical articles on Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare's Sonnets, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Congreve, Pryor, Wordsworth, Byron, Landor, Keats, Tennyson, Musset, Charles Reade, and many other authors.

THE following communication from a London publisher to the "Athenaeum" describes substantially the overdone condition of cheap-novel publishing in this country also: "Shilling story-books are appearing at the rate of something like three or four a day. When a good story does happen to make a stir, it is now promptly choked out of existence by another treading too closely on its heels, and that in turn dies before well born. Because a story is startling in situation, is told in a certain

number of pages, and is sold for a shilling, the belief is widespread that a gigantic fortune follows. MSS. from untrained hands keep pouring in, but probably not one shilling story in every dozen that see the light pays its expenses. The bookstalls will not hold them, the reputation of the publishers is being ruined by them, and the public is sick of them."

## TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

MAY, 1886.

Alcoholic Liquors, Manufacture of. *Popular Science*.  
Arctic Exploration, Future of. Lieut. Greely. *Forum*.  
Articles of Confederation, Govt. Under. J. Fiske. *Atlantic*.  
Aryans, The. E. P. Evans. *Atlantic*.  
Authors, Justice to. A. C. McClurg. *Dial*.  
Bird-Song, Genesis of. Maurice Thompson. *Atlantic*.  
Blue-Coats on the Border. R. F. Zogbaum. *Harper's*.  
Charleston, Defence of. P. T. Beauregard. *No. American*.  
Civil Service Reform. T. Roosevelt. *Princeton*.  
Cleveland and Blaine. Edward Cary. *Forum*.  
Colorado, Historical. Mrs. Hodges. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Colored Race, Future of. Fred. Douglass. *No. American*.  
Cremation. J. W. Chadwick. *Forum*.  
Cross Keys, Battle of. A. E. Lee. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Crystallization. Alfred Einhorn. *Popular Science*.  
Davis, Jefferson, Trip to Canada. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Democracy, The Triumph of. Rossiter Johnson. *Dial*.  
Dramatist, American. Augustin Daly. *North American*.  
Dwellings, Country. Mrs. S. van Rensselaer. *Century*.  
Education in Germany, Liberal. *Andover*.  
Elocutionist, An Amateur. Cora U. Potter. *Lippincott's*.  
Epic Songs of Russia. W. F. Allen. *Dial*.  
Fiction, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.  
Flat-Fish. *Popular Science*.  
Flour-Mills of Minneapolis. E. V. Smalley. *Century*.  
Food Accessories and Digestion. *Popular Science*.  
Freedmen during the War. O. O. Howard. *Princeton*.  
Galton, Francis. *Popular Science*.  
Garrison, William Lloyd. *Andover*.  
Gough, John B. *Andover*.  
Haldie, Battle of. *Andover*.  
Hawthorne's Philosophy. Julian Hawthorne. *Century*.  
Heavens, Photographing the. *Popular Sci. Co.*  
Home Rule, Liberal Opposition to. *Andover*.  
Hugo, Victor. James Parton. *Forum*.  
Labor, Centralization of. *Andover*.  
Labor, Hours of. Edward Atkinson. *North American*.  
Laborers, Rights of. W. A. Croft and L. F. Post. *Forum*.  
Language, Evolution of. M. A. Hovelacque. *Pop. Science*.  
Legal-Tender Decision, The. George Bancroft. *Century*.  
License, High. G. A. Moore. *Overland*.  
London. W. J. Stillman. *Atlantic*.  
Longfellow, H. W. *Atlantic*.  
Longfellow, H. W. W. M. Lawrence. *Dial*.  
McClellan at the Head of the Army. W. L. Goss. *Century*.  
McClellan's Removal in 1862. *North American*.  
Men of Science. W. H. Larabee. *Popular Science*.  
Metallic Currency, Need of. J. F. Hume. *Forum*.  
Mexico, Economic Study of. D. A. Wells. *Popular Science*.  
Monotheism, Egyptian. C. L. Brace. *Princeton*.  
Moral Faculty, Development of. Jas. Sully. *Pop. Science*.  
Newspaper, History of. P. L. Ford. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Novel of Our Times. F. N. Zabriskie. *Princeton*.  
Organic Evolution. Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science*.  
Orthodox Pulpit, The. *Andover*.  
Peninsula to Antietam, From. G. B. McClellan. *Century*.  
Petition, The Seventh. George Bancroft. *Princeton*.  
Pictures and Prints, Preservation of. *Popular Science*.  
Pigeons, Fancy. E. S. Starr. *Century*.  
Poetess, A Western. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. *Lippincott's*.  
Popular Government, Experiment of. C. T. Congdon. *Forum*.  
Prison Labor in California. R. T. Devlin. *Overland*.  
Railway Regulations. A. T. Hadley. *Popular Science*.  
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Sap Bewitched. William H. Gibson. *Harper's*.  
Savior, Portraits of Our. W. H. Ingersoll. *Harper's*.  
Senate, The. *North American*.  
Seymour, Horatio. I. S. Hartley. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Shiloh. W. F. Smith. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Ship-Building as Ship-Owning. *No. American*.  
South Mountain, Battle of. D. A. Hill. *Century*.  
Spaniards in Illinois. E. G. Mason. *Mag. Am. History*.  
Speech. M. A. Starr. *Princeton*.  
Stanton, Edwin M. Don Platt. *North American*.  
Statesmanship, Old and New. Gail Hamilton. *No. American*.  
Strikes and Arbitration. T. V. Powderly. *No. American*.  
Supernaturalism, Contemporary. M. D. Conway. *Forum*.  
Thoreau's Poetry. Joel Benton. *Lippincott's*.  
Thrush, The. *Atlantic*.  
Thurman, Allan G. Arthur Richmond. *North American*.  
Volunteers, California. Edward Carlson. *Overland*.  
Wordsworth's Passion. T. M. Coan. *Princeton*.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following List includes all New Books, American and Foreign, received during the month of April by MESSRS. A. C. MCCLURG & Co. (successors to Jansen, McClurg & Co.), Chicago.]

## HISTORY—BIOGRAPHY.

- The Massacres of the Mountains.** A History of the Indian Wars of the Far West. By J. P. Dunn, Jr., M.S., L.L.B. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 784. Harper & Bros. \$3.75.
- California.** From the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. By J. Royce. 16mo, pp. 513. Gilt top. "American Commonwealths." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- A Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana.** Or the first ten decades of our era. By D. M. Tredwell. 8vo, pp. 354. F. Tredwell. \$2.50.
- The Second Punic War.** Being chapters of the History of Rome. By the late Thomas Arnold, D.D. Edited by W. T. Arnold, M.A. 16mo, pp. 435. London. Net, \$2.25.
- Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century.** Studies from the lives of Livingstone, Gordon, and Patteson. By the author of *Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family*. 12mo, pp. 315. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.
- Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, LL.D.** Poet, Statesman, Philosopher. With extracts from his works and hitherto unpublished poems. By C. B. Todd. 8vo, pp. 306. Gilt tops. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.
- The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria.** By G. B. Smith. 8vo, pp. 424. G. Routledge & Sons. \$3.00.
- Diderot and the Encyclopedists.** By John Morley. 2 vols., 16mo. Macmillan & Co. \$3.00.
- The Vanderbilts and the Story of their Fortune.** By W. A. Croffut. Portraits and Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 310. Belford, Clarke & Co. \$1.50.
- Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States.** From the days of David Garrick to the present time. Edited by B. Matthews and L. Hutton. Vol. I. Garrick and his Contemporaries. 16mo, pp. 279. Gilt top. Cassell & Co. \$1.50.
- Haphazard Personalities.** Chiefly of noted Americans. By Charles Lanman. 12mo, pp. 387. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.
- Personal Recollections of Thomas De Quincey.** By J. R. Findlay. 18mo, pp. 74. Portraits. Edinburgh. Net, \$1.00.
- Madame Roland.** By Mathilde Blind. 16mo, pp. 318. "Famous Women." Roberts Bros. \$1.00.
- Memoir of Mrs. Edward Livingston.** With Letters hitherto unpublished. By Louise L. Hunt. 16mo, pp. 182. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

## TRAVEL.

- Glimpses of Three Coasts.** By Helen Jackson, (H. H.) 12mo, pp. 418. Roberts Bros. \$1.50.
- Ancient Rome in 1883.** By J. Henry Middleton. Map. Post 8vo, pp. 512. Edinburgh. Net, \$7.35.
- A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe.** Edition for 1886. Maps. 18mo, pp. 337. Leather. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Net, \$1.50.
- Persia.** The Land of the Imams. A Narrative of Travel and Residence, 1871-1885. By J. Bassett. 12mo, pp. 342. C. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- A Winter in Central America and Mexico.** By Helen J. Sanborn. 16mo, pp. 371. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

## ESSAYS, BELLES-LETTRES, ETC.

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- Shakespeare.** A new variorum edition. Edited by H. H. Furness. 8vo, Vol. VI., pp. 471-Othello. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$4.00.
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## REFERENCE—EDUCATIONAL.

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